

SAT SRI AKAL

Tract

No. 11

SRI ANAND SAHIB

The Heavenly Song of Holy Rapture

Sacred Hymns

of

THE SIKH RELIGION

BY

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GRATIS



THE HOLY GURU AMAR DASS

FOREWORD

The ANAND SAHIB or the "Heavenly Song of Holy Rapture" is the surest panacea for the world's maladies which, despite all its outer veneer, of culture, is sorely sick at heart and needs this life-giving Nectar. The Anand Sahib is verily food for the angels. I have tried to understand it all my life, but the comprehension came late in life and that slowly, and I did not understand it fully until the Light of His Lamp burnt in the dark dungeon of my soul!—It came only with the upwelling of the *Spirit*! I have divided the Introduction into two parts : the first which is easy, so easy that even school children may read it with pleasure, and the second which is difficult, divinely difficult, which is mastered only when the above Lamp is lit. In the Introduction, the reader will find *personal* story of the anguished soul, how it travailed, how the torment subsided albeit slowly, how at last the Sun dawned in all its effulgence! I have tried to tell it all, in all nudity, in the hope that some other soul, struggling in similar circumstances, may push on in the self-same Path, chalked out by the Master. Each soul must

melt, in much the same way, in the crucible of cleansing agony. The cleansed souls may if deemed necessary pass on straight to the Psalm. Here in the Anand Sahib the bright souls will find higher heights and deep depths, which will transport them to higher realms of infinite bliss. May the Revealing Word which befriended the writer in this onward journey, on the lonely Path, be with them, in this uphill task! Amen!

SHER SINGH

20-2-37,
Kashmir.

PREFACE

This tract "The Anand Sahib" or the Song of Joy is the outcome of the incessant efforts by the Bengal Sikh Missionary Association Calcutta, towards the propagation of the knowledge and information regarding Sikh Religion to the English knowing public. The reception given by the public to the tracts of Gurbani published by the above Association is really very encouraging and hence inspite of all its financial difficulties the Association has been successful in publishing this tract.

The Holy Guru Granth Sahib is an Ocean full of innumerable pearls. The more efficient and better trained the diver is, the more he can fetch and better he can Value the seabed. This invaluable pearl "The Anand Sahib," a verily food of angels and surest panacea for the world's maladies which, despite all its outer veneer of Culture is sorely sick at heart and needs this life giving nectar, was composed by Guru *Amar Dass* ji the 3rd Guru of the Sikhs. The Sikhs believe that when the Anand is read at the begining of any undertaking, it is successful, and if it be read in the morning the day is passed in happiness. It is repeated on occasions of marriages and rejoicings, also before large feasts, at the preparation and before the distribution of *Karah Parsad* or the sacred food of the Sikhs.

For this very reason the reputed personality and gifted scholar of international repute, Sardar Sher singh M. Sc. of Kashmir has sought to put before an uninstructed world his selected priceless pearl. How far it would help the propagation of the knowledge and information regarding Sikh religion and to what extent will it supply the want felt by the seekers of Anand "Happiness" is for the readers to judge.

For the convenience of the readers the original Gurbani is supplemented in distinctive Roman script by the general secretary of the Association after taking permission from the author.

The Association is deeply indebted to Sardar Sahib for the labour he has spent in bringing out this tract. Our hearty acknowledgements are due to those societies, Sabhas friends and patrons who have rendered valuable assistance to us in publication of this script.

Arjan Singh Man

General secretary

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172 Harison Road Calcutta

SRI ANAND SAHIB

OR

"THE HEAVENLY SONG OF HOLY RAPTURE"

PART I.

The *Anand* or the "Heavenly Song of Holy Rapture" forms a precious part of the Sikh literature. Indeed, it is a priceless possession. It was written by Guru Amar Dassji, the third and the most mystic of Sikh Guru's when He attained to that bliss which was destined to be His. It is a spontaneous effusion of exuberant joy. It is undiluted bliss, bubbling up from the innermost depths of the human heart. There are few songs in all literature Eastern and Western, which compare with this in heavenly glory. It is written in Guru's own precious life blood, in indelible ink. It is a record, on the one hand, of what the Guru Himself felt, and is a guide, a beaconlight, on the other, to those who would tread on the same path—the path chalked out by the Gurus.

The *Anand* is written in mellifluous Punjabi, so sweet that even children love to recite it. It is divided into forty stanzas. Of these the first five and the very last are read daily at least once by the pious Sikhs. No reading of the Darbar Sahib is complete, unless there is a special repetition of the *Anand* Sahib or at least the six stanzas mentioned above, of which the last must be sung

in chorus by the whole congregation in order that the bliss may sink in our souls. This is why its recitation is held in especial esteem. It must be read everyday, it must be recited at the end of the *Bhog*, i.e., Granth-reading ceremony, yea, it must be sung. Such are the injunctions which we have inherited traditionally from our fathers and forefathers. If this is so, there must be something extremely holy, something profoundly divine in it. That this is verily so, we will soon discover for ourselves.

The *Anand Sahib* is easy, so easy that even children love to read it, and yet it is difficult, divinely difficult! This may seem paradoxical yet it is too true. I have, therefore, divided it into two parts: the easy part is dealt with in Part I of this Introduction, and the mysterious, what I have called, the divinely difficult in Part II. As the reader will find, this division was inevitable if we are to comprehend the *Anand Sahib* in all its entirety. There be many who like the butterfly, merely sip the outflowing essence, but I should like to take the reader into the heart of the text, into the spring from where the fragrance comes out and overflows!

Although it would be helpful to the reader to divide the *Anand* into very parts, yet it appears to me to be difficult to so divide this diamond Necklace. As I write these lines in the wintry month of February in the snow-clad Kashmir, I am faced by another dilemma of similar magnitude: I see before me the Great Wall of the Himalayas stretching out in a silvery Semi-circle, with the snow running down to its very feet, and the Gulmarg peaks hoary with deep snow; all round, there is white mantle unending, and even the hill-tops appear hermetically sealed, cloud-capped, as they are, from all sides! It appeared, as if there is no outlet for a prisoner like me from

this snow-bound Valley. When I felt depressed, I suddenly saw the silvery Streak of the holy Vitasta glistening dimly in the cloud-covered distance. I follow the nectarine stream as it meanders leisurely, and as I do so, I feel that somehow, it will cut its way through the frozen Valley, and lead me out to the sun-kissed plains below! So also when I am dealing with the *Anand Sahib*, I give myself up to the lead of the holy Word, and I am sure that much as the mighty Jhelum chisels out its path through the circlet of hills, so also will this Word work out its own mysterious way :—

To begin with, what appeals to the reader most in *Anand Sahib* is individual appeal to different senses, and to the mind. The Guru addresses practically each sense in turn thus :—

Eh rasna, tun anras rach rahi, teri pias nah
jae. Pias na jae *horaf kife* jichar har ras pale
na pae.

O tongue, thou art infatuated by earthly savours,
The more thou tastest them, the greater thy thirst!
Thy thirst shall never be quenched by aught else,
Not until thou testest *this* heavenly Nectar!

Eh netro mereo, har tum meh jot dhari, har
bin awar na dekho koi. Har bin awar na dekho
koi nadri har nihalya.

O mine *eyes*, the Lord lighted these goblets,
See naught else but Himself,
Yea, see naught else but He,
For His glance, but one glance,
Will transport thee into raptures!

Eh sarwano mereo, sache sunne non pothae.
 Sache sunnen no pothae sarir lae sunon sat bani.
 Jif suni man tan harya hoa rasna ras samani.

O my *ears*, ye were sent to hear the Truth,
 Yea, ye were sent to hear the Truth,
 Hear ye the Truth by gathering up the whole body
in the ears!

For, by hearing this, the mind and body
 Will both be transfigured, turned into burnished Gold!

Eh man chanchla chatrai kine na paya.
 Chatrai na paya kine tun sun man merya.

O fickle mind, no one attaineth the Supreme One by
cleverness,

Yea, no one attaineth Him by cunningness,
 Hear this my mind with attention!

Eh-man mereya tun sada raho har nale. Har
 nal raho tun man mere dukh sabh wisarna. Angi
 kar oh kare tera karaj sabh sawarna.

O my *mind*, be thou ever with the Lord,
 Yea, rest thou in Him,
 Thus will thy soul-bruises and heart-aches be cured!
 Ah, if He will hold out His loving Hand to thee,
 All that thou wishest will then be fulfilled

These are then the first few rays of Light that
 filtered into the dark dungeon of my soul. And when the
 choristers, gathered together not in hundreds but in
 thousands, chanted the eerie refrain :—

Anand suno wadbhagio sagal manorath pure.
 Par braham prabh paya utre sagal wisure. Dukh
 rog santap utre suni sachi bani.

O lucky souls! sing ye *this* holy psalm,
 For, by so doing all that thou wishest will be fulfilled,

Yea, sing the hilarious Song which chanteth :

"I have found the Absolute One,

Finding Him, all of my gnawing riddles were solved

Allayed were my pains, my torments, my ailments

Yea, when I heard the True Word!"

This refrain sank into my soul, and it appeared as if some hidden Closet was opened, for a time, from within. The reflected glory of the Song came back to me, again and again, enriching all my interior. But when it left me, my travail was greater, even as the unsatisfied baby feels when weaned from the mother's breast! I argued, I whined, I prayed : "O Lord! Is this Treasure not for me? Shall I go back empty-handed?" But as this wish was then not deep-rooted, and was mixed more with mercenary spirit than that of devotion and love, there came back the rebuff :—

Eh sarira-merea es jag men aeke kaya tud
Karam kamaya. Keh Kram kamaya tud sarira
jan tun jag men aya ! Jin har tera rachan rachya
so Har manon na wasaya.

O my *body*, what didst thou do in this world?

Having come all the way, what good act

didst' thou do?

The Creator who gave thee birth,

Yea, even Him, didst thou forget!

This was true, terribly true! But why was that so? Because I was waylaid, I was caught in the trap of illusion! What laid the trap? My devotion to the external world, which had its replica in my senses, which always hungered after the lust. It was the senses that then ruled the roost in me, not the Formless One who

on the bursting of the egg-shell! Such, indeed, is the *māya* in this outside world; it has all the singeing properties of the fire, but it somehow keeps us alive, half-dead, half-living, enveloped, as it were, by dark clouds which keep the fire hidden. And, thus, men continue to live in its lap, even as one might live in the venomous stare of the cobra, smothered, etiolated, charred from within, if not from outside! What can quench this smothered, yet terribly real fire? What can pierce the uterine veil and cut off the placental tie which ties us down to the earth? These are sore perplexing questions which at once rise up in the mind of the seeker-after-truth. What is the solution of these soul-gnawing riddles?

The solution to this problem of life and death is beyond the province of Part I of the Introduction, for in trying to solve the riddle, we must needs go into the deeper waters. But is the vista wholly dark? Is there no ray of light awakening in the dark dungeon wherein we are confined? The *Anand Sahib* says emphatically that there our goal is not ever-lasting misery, for the Lord Himself is there! but life-eternal, undiluted joy and ever-soaring bliss! That, indeed, is the burden of *this* Song. It is *this*-in-found. Commodity of which the Guru is the dealer and the *sikhs* are the seekers. Saith the Master :—

Har ras meri, man wanjara, satgur te ras jani.

The Lord Himself is my capital, my stock-in-trade,
My mind is the retail seller thereof,

Yea, He is the Stock, and I am the dealer,
I knew *this*, when I met the Master!

Weird bargain this—the bargain of the soul! It is *this* shop which the great Gurus ran. The Mughal Emperors were very much perturbed when they heard that

the Gurus had opened 'shops.' Jehangir writes in his autobiography that 'the shop' was flourishing ever since the time of the first Guru, until in his time, it became the Holy Market of the whole world! We know of a similar effort on the part of Emperor Theodosius to take hold of the churches and to end this spiritual trade. "Do not, O Emperor, embarrass yourself with the thought that you have an Emperor's rights over sacred things," said St. Ambrose . . . "It is written, *God's to God's, and Cæsar's to Cæsar.*" The palace is the Emperor's, the churches are the bishop's." Our Guru went further: He was flayed, boiled alive in burning cauldrons, He passed away but he did not shut these shops!

Verily, I say solemnly, it is an eerie transaction, this business of the soul! *In this bargain, one loses all that one has, his body, his mind, his cherished possessions, to gain what is impalpable—the soul.* In this commerce, there are positive—losses and, what at first sight, looks as negative—gains; we lose solid substantial tangible things, to gain those which are impalpable, intangible, aerial! Saith the Master:—

**Tan man dhan Sabh Saunp gur ko hukam
maneya payie.**

By 'sacrificing the body, the mind,
And all one's cherished possessions,
Yea, by laying them all at the feet of the Master,
And by bowing to the Divine will,
Thus, alone mightest thou have Him!

But is the gain really insubstantial and inconsequential? No, it is not, it is of the highest importance to mankind. For, it is in this intangible but nonetheless real soul-zone, the highest level, that all sweetest things dwell:

the glory of the sun-lit clouds, the grandeur of the cloud-kissed Himalayas, the majesty of the full-blown spring, the delicate grace of the rainbow dimples on the cheeks of new bride Yea, these and all other charms come up from *this* hidden Fountain of Beauty which hath its origin in the Olympus of the soul! It is here where there is youth eternal, spring eternal, and life-ever-lasting!

Although every disciple would fain repair to this heaven, yet it is not up to all mortals to tread on this enchanted ground unaided i.e., unless he is trained for the holy task by the Master. The period of probation is rather long, and the task is not easy. But the saints do not despair. They persevere and do reach the goal. You may recognise a saint thus:—

**Bhagtan ki chal nirali. Chal nirali bhagtan
keri bikham marag chalna. Labh lobhahankar-
taj trisna bahuta nahi bolna. Khanion fikhi walon
niki effa marag jana.**

Quaint is the artless gait of a Seer,
His task is uphill beset with many a difficulty,
He eats little, possesses little,
He gives up all earthly yearning, he has no pride,
He speaks little, very little,
Yea, sharper than the sword and finer than the hair
Is the road which the saint treadest!

These are some of the outstanding features whereby a saint may be known. But there is another test which, in a few words, is:—

**Jion nirmal bahron nirmal Bahron tan nirmal
jion nirmal satgur te karni kamani. Kur ki soe
pohche nahi mansa sach samani.**

Pure within, pure without,
 Yea, pure without and pure within,
 Following religiously the injunctions of the Master,
 Untouched even by the echo of a lie,
 All yearnings wedded with Truth! such is the saint!

Such are the Elect, the cream of mankind. For them is this laurel of bliss of which my Master sings in the *Anand*. No more for them the cankerworm of care! No more for them fretting and fuming! No more whisking and whining! No more for them the bleeding the broken heart! They are the blest, thrice-blessed. They live in the golden age. All life is to them a continual honeymoon. Who can describe fully the inwardness and this holy felicity? Words fail, this stutter; are wholly inadequate! All the world talks of this *Anand* but how few know of *it*! Saith the Master:—

Anand Anand sabh ko kahe Anand gur
 te janea.

Every one talks of the holy bliss,
 Of how few know aught about it?
 'Tis from the Master that I had it
 At last, at long last!

Ah! what is bliss? One might as well reply: what is Truth? And even as the jesting Pilate failed to get any answer, so might we. But fail we cannot if we tread with the Guru this the enchanted Ground. The *Anand* is the master-key to this hidden Heaven! Let us unlock with this the Treasure that is ours in what follows!

PART II.

The modern world is marching on to progress, and yet it is sorely sick at heart. It is producing literature

by tons from its presses every second. But is this labour worth all its trouble? This literature that is being produced at break-neck speed is like mushroom growth destined only for a day. We guard our books in brazen almirahs, locked from outside and from within, and yet much of it is so trite that even the fish-worms will not so much as touch it! We have built in our art schools, temples of beauty which appeal only to our senses. But of that infinite Beauty 'which never was on sea or land' who knows, who cares? Is this beauty that we treasure not skin-deep, turning on touch into dust, even as the Apple of Sodom!

The world is progressing, yes, but it is doing so only on the surface. It does not delve into the inner depths of heart. The modern sciences pamper only the intellect; but they know not of intuition which sees into the heart of things. We have built in our sciences the proverbial Tower of Babel and many are the tongues which the experts speak but no one understands. We are following the dwindling path of analysis. We are following the bifurcating, ever-branching roads, and are leaving the Market, the Meeting Place of the Spirit behind, never to meet again!

We are proud of our space-conquering devices: our wireless, our radio, and our talkies. We listen to them with bated breath, but what do we hear? Do we not hear the self-same trite songs, self-same wrangles and of everyday same round of jealousies broadcasted? And our fine arts, our pictures, our cinemas, what do they present to us? They do not tell us of that real, the lasting or what is soul-stirring—they deal in petty concerns of life, dwell *ad nauseum* in portraying the bewitching charms of the modern Eve, half-nude half-bobbed. Her naked body

glistens and captivates us even as the scales of the venomous cobra! The 'talkies' whip us on only to fury, to unending intoxication which makes our blood boil, and heads reel, until we are at the very edge of the canyon of hell! These are then our modern toys, but are they any better than the toys which the residents of Sodom and Gomorrah possessed?

Come, modern Youth come! I will sing to you the ethereal Symphony which my Guru-Father sang to me One day in the innermost recesses of my heart, which touched me, twitted me, electrified me! Come! tarry not, I will sing to you the Lullaby which set my aching, sorely bruised, cross-beladen soul to rest, sweet rest! Ah come, I will sing souls the hallelujah which turns all souls into pearline-palaces, purer than the marble dome of the Taj, purer than the milk-white rays of the setting sun, purer than the cool crystalline rays of the Moon in the heyday of her glory! My Satguru sang it; Ah! it is the heavenliest of all heavenly Melodies, it is the Song of songs, the Fountain-head of Joy, of bliss, of beatification! Did not my Guru-Father call it *Anand*, i.e., bliss-unending, joy ever-upsoaring, ecstasy everlasting!

Anand bhaya meri maye, Satguru main paya,
 Satgur tan paeya sahaj seti, man wajian wadhaian,
 Rag ratan parwar parian sabad gawan aiyan
 Sabado tan gawo Hari kera man jini wasaya !
 Kahe Nanak Anand hoa Satguru main paya !

There is bliss, my mother, there is Bliss,
 I discovered my Lord Guru, the True Guru *today*,
 I discovered Him by some weird turn of the wheel
 of Nature

And my heart is drenched with Heavenly Symphony!
 Yea, my mind is flooded with notes of congratulation
 Congratulations which pour in from all quarters,
 Not only from this little earth,
 But from the denizens of the heaven!!
 Yea, from the winged airy creatures
 Who have come one and all, with all their children,
 To warble out the Song of Joy, of bliss!!
 And I sing to them, in return :
 Sing ye, sing all creatures, the hallelujah of the Lord
 The holy Symphony which turned my heart
 Into the Temple of Joy!!
 The sweet-tongued One singeth, O Nanak,
 O I have obtained the True Guru, yea, I have found
 Him out!

In this opening stanza, there is verily a torrent of joy, of unearthly bliss which wells up from the heart of Guru Amar Dassji. I have read many a soul-stirring song of mystics, but nowhere do I find the ecstatic outpourings of such deep joy, such unearthly intensity as are pieced together in that Celestial Song which is the Anand Sahib. It is a Song supersaturated with joy; it enchants the hearer as also the reciter, it welloeth up from the deeps and stirs up the subliminal Self.

What is bliss? Many there be who talk of bliss but how few know it really? There our senses; there is, for instance, pleasure in sweet sugary substances which titillate the palate, there is pleasure in all forms of music which ministers to our ears, there is pleasure in beholding a lovely face whether that of full-grown maid or that of innocent child. But all of these forms of joy are flitting, fugitive, bubbling up and bursting the very next moment.

But bliss is not transient nor effervescent—it wells up from the hidden Bosom of eternity and carries forward the blessed seer to that Land of Light where there are no shadows nor flickering, but there is undimmed and never-fading glory! The essence of bliss is *transcendence above* the four walls of Time. In eternity, time loses its the four walls of Time. In eternity, time loses its transitoriness and acquires what it did not possess before i.e., the halo of abiding fruition. In the array of time, a second stands up to an hour only as the dwarfed Siwāliks stand up and hold their head to the unreachable heights of the Himalayas. Considered in this light, a second is but a pygmy. But in eternity even, a second is no less than a century, and they together melt into that ineffable Light which hath no before or after. Hence it is that but one moment of bliss to a saint is to him ever so much dearer than even century of remaining insipid life. But does the saint enjoy bliss for but one moment? If he did so, he would not be different from others who live in the fleeting world of shadows. The saint's bliss is eternal for his time is rounded up into eternity and it loses its venomous sting. Henceforward, the saint deals in infinity, and all that is, becomes to him a living earnest of the true everlastingness. The saint, therefore, lives and moves in a different world. Although he is a resident of this humble earth, he lives in the world where the Supreme One liveth Himself, the world of eternal values!

The saint's food is the heavenly Manna which droppeth like gentle dew from the skies. It need not pass through his gullet, as it is ethereal and impalpable, but it filters down to every little pore of his body. This heavenly Manna cometh, like vortices in ether, dancing and singing, and it setteth the saint, in turn, in the same

singing mood. And it is in this heavenly mood that all best poetry is recited—not consciously nor sub-consciously but in state of super-consciousness which, like super-saturated clouds, bursts into ringlets of Rain. *All poetry which is immortal hath this fundamental requisite: it hath its spring in the eternal-Word which cometh ringing to the mind of the saint-poet!* The poetry that doth not bear this stamp is but a counterfeit coin. Well might the Guru sing :—

**Anhad bani gur sabad jani, har nam har ras
bhogo. Kahe Nanak prabh ap milya karan karan
jogo.**

That eternal-expressive-Word I imbibed
When the Guru blessed me with this ringing-Word,
Ever since this Divine Name is my staff of life,
Yea, Nanak, this unearthly Manna is
Naught else but the Divine One Himself,
The Cause of all causes, and the Ordainer
Of indissoluble Divine union!

We fight for food, we quarrel like cats and dogs. All our wars are in the end economic wars, wars for food; the colonies that are sought for are also food-producing areas. But the saint's food is different: he eats the purest and divinest of all Foods *i.e.* harmonious Vibrations in the ether which besides their rhythm, have the unfailing capacity of conferring divine satiety. We are poor and will remain poor until *this* inexhaustible store of Food were opened out to us; I repeat that we would ever be poor even though some modern Columbus could take us to other worlds in the planetary world. This heavenly Food is ever with us, it is within us, outside us, we live in it as we live and move in air, yet we cannot possess it even as

we cannot catch hold of the air, in which we live, move and have our being! But when the Divine Master confers on us the secret of *seasame* open then lo! some new backdoor is opened in our consciousness, and we *see* what hitherto we only gleaned ; we touch, taste and assimilate what was hitherto but an ideal fancy or a dream, and we *hear* verily hear that holy Symphony which is ringing eternally at the doors of the Supreme One where He sits surrounded by choirs of angels! Stated differently but more expressively, we might say as if in this body which has 'nine holes' opening outside, some 'tenth' key-hole were discovered which puts in possession of the weird Alladin's Lamp! Saith the Guru:—

Har jio gupha andar rakhke waja pawan
wajaya, waja pawan wajaya nao daware pargat
kie, daswan gupat rakhaya. Teh anek rup
nonnidh tis da anf na jai paya.

Sitting behind, out of sight, in the back apartment,
As it were, the Supreme One sets the breath in motion
It cometh and goeth ringing,
There is harmonious inbreathing and outbreathing,
Nevertheless the Tenth Gate remains hidden,
Although the outer Nine Doors are open to us, one
and all

But there be few lucky souls,
To whom through the grace of the Guru,
The Tenth and the hidden Gate is also set open!
There the Divine Name divulgeth itself
In all its majestic glory, refulgent and multi-coloured
Like the rainbow in transcendent garb!
Yea, 'tis the fountain-Head of all fortunes,

The harbinger of halcyon days to the harassed soul!
Of that supreme bliss there is no beginning nor end,
Nor any earthly measure, foot-rule, gauge or compass!!

It is *this* divine ichor which feeds the saints in their heavenly labours, which sustains an Hercules of the Spirit. Until we are in possession of this Manna, we would ever remain at sixes and sevens, no matter whether we had the kingdom of a Ceasar or that of Napoleon or Alexander. In *this* Holy Mass, in *this* unleavend Bread, the satisfying-Word, lies the *secret* of divine satiety! Hence the Guru sings :

**Pias Na jae horat kife jichar Har ras pale
Na pae.**

Naught else than this divine Nectar can quench
The fire that burns in man and eats into his vitals !

But the divine Word goes further than mere satiety. It gives us new Life, the cosmic life, which includes in its ever-widening sweep all mankind, all animate and inanimate existence. Everything is then weaved into one living garment which is Nature, now no longer discordant, nor red in tooth and claw, but co-working, co-breathing and co-advancing, interlocked in one infinite divine purpose! There is verily transfiguration when the magic wand of this Word passes over the mind of the devotee. The earth is then no longer earth but solidified gold ; the air is no longer a mixture of nitrogen and oxygen but is pure nectar and frankincense the atmosphere is no longer one vast void but pure amethyst iridescent with the golden halo of God's own glory! This is why devotess ever look up to and aspire after Ambrosia, for it is this which puts new life into their old veins. Verily, even the angles

thirst for this life-giving Nectar, and well might the Guru sing:—

**Surnar mun-jan amrit khojde, so amrit gunt
fe paeya.**

Angels, as also all angelic souls,
And the self-controlling saints
Verily thirst for this ambrosia!
All their life they are a-tiptoe
For this life-giving Nectar,—

Yea the nectar that I obtained from my Master!!

As yes! I obtained one Day from the lotus-feet of my Master *this* holy Nectar, by licking His sacred feet. I licked and licked in one long draught, unending draught, for he who knew this Secret for once, will never take off his lips from that life-giving Fountain! It was this holy Draught which turned the Saul-in-me into Paul! It is *this* precious Life-Blood which is my choicest possession, which I will never barter for aught in this world!

Oh dear reader! Knowest thou aught of the *Atman*, of the Soul, which thou findest so much talked off in all holy literature? That *Atman* is hidden under heavy veils which no one might lift, until the electric Bell of *this* weird-Word rings! *Then* all impervious veils are thrown off, and the hidden Isis meets you stark naked, resplendent, burnished like molten gold, yea brighter than all the suns combined in their midday glory! Well might St. Paul say that when he beheld *this* Sun, he fell dead, as it were, on the ground, for his eyes were not trained to behold this effulgent Lustre! It is verily Light, but light which is the purest, light which is not composed of seven complementary colours, but Light infrangible, undecomposable, for is this not this First

Light—the Cause of the universe? You can split matter into atoms and molecules, and these latter into electrons and protons, but you cannot go any further than electricity itself which is the parent of both positive and negative electrons. Nor, for that matter, can you split *this* holy Light into anything more fundamental. This holy Light is the harbinger of that luminous consciousness which is *Atmic* or cosmic. Without touch with this hidden Divine Word, all talk about *atman* or the Spirit is mere moonshine!

Dear reader hast thou also heard of the Philosopher's Stone which philosophers are always searching after? This Stone is reputed to turn all that it touches into gold! They say Solomon get much of his wealth out of this Hidden Mine! Of course, he did, and so do other saints. But gold is after all not the most valuable thing on earth, platinum, for instance, is dearer than gold, and radium is dearer still. The philosopher's Stone is valued not for its gold, it is valued as by its magic touch, it turns all into rare heavenly things! The philosopher's Stone trans-valuates all values, and the Guru tells us that that reputed Stone is no other than this Divine Ringing Word, which may hence hence be called the Mother-Diamond! Saith the Master :—

Gur ka sabad ratan hae, hire jit jarao. Sabad ratan jit man laga, eh hoa samao. !

The Guru-given Word is verily the Philosopher's
Stone,

On which many a diamond is inset!

Whoever hath touch with this Mother-Diamond

Is in-absorbed in Him Who is all-in-all!

Blessed, blessed, thrice blessed is he in whom this fecund-Word is born, in whom it ringeth and dwelleth. His mind is no longer distracted, nor distraught. On the other hand, mind of such a devotee ever soars upwards, heavenwards there circling eagle-like in ever-widening, ever-purer circles, until it reaches the empyrean! The bride-soul is then wedded to the eternal bridegroom, never to be widowed hereafter. Here there is joy ever-upwelling, sacrifice ever-continuing for it is offering up of the mind as oblation to the Supreme One, and there is ever-fresh chanting of the hosanna, for is not the mind ever-leaping to never and to heights higher than that the Himalaya! Hence dost my Master sing :—

Man chao bhaya prabh agam sunya. Har
mangal gao sakhi, greh mandar banya. Har gao
mangal, nit sakhie, sog dukh na wiapae. Gur
charan lage, din subhage apna pir japae.

O, there is joy, peace, bliss ever-upsoaringfi
The soul-bride hath heard the sweet Tread of the
Feet of the Bridegroom eternal!
O sisters, comrades, sing ye, sing ye, one and all,
For this frail little body, this earthen pot,
Hath turned into the Holy Temple, the pearline Palace!
O sisters, sing ye, sing lustily forever and evermore,
Henceforward there is no pain, no stifling
mind-aches.

I kissed the holy Feet of the Master,
And lo! a new Heaven and Earth was opened unto me,
Ah! the bright Day, Ah! the happy unending Day!!

Dear reader! Thou hath oft thought how dull and
drab is this earth, this warring world where all appears
at odds, and ill-assorted. And yet when the Master opens

the Inner Eye by the touch of this lunar caustic, how different is the self-same world? Is not everything then dyed into peacock colours, and dost not the world then snatch a grace beyond the rules of art? Everything puts on gala dress; the autumn of the soul is then changed into ornate spring; Even the drab earth sparkles like burnished gold. And where shortwhile before butterfly of the mind stood despondent, it now flits about in ravishing ecstasy from flower to flower of which there is now no end. O miracle of miracles! O, the transfiguring Word!! More, thou art now to me the Mirror through which I look at Nature, and find Him here, there and everywhere! Ignorant man! did you call this world a dungeon or a ditch? If you did, you are thoroughly mistaken, for saith the Master :—

**Eh wis sansar tum dekhde, eh Har ka
rup hae Har rup nadri aya. Gur parsadi bujheya,
jan wekhan Har ik hae, Har bin awar na koi. Kahe
Nanak eh netar andh se satgur milie dib drist
hoi !**

O bardarkened eyes! ye considered this world
Venom-bitten, as gall and wormwood,
Look ye now! Is this not the Supreme One Himself—
In His multiform garb? Verily, so He is!
Thus dost He appear unto me *now*!
When the Guru waved the magic wand of the Word,
I saw and discovered that He was all One,
Formless and Formed, visible and invisible,
Than Him there is naught else, indeed, naught else!
These eyes were blind, benighted, heavily covered,
The master came, drew off the sunken lids,
And lo! all is light! Ah, the newly-opened Golden Eye!!

To see world thus is verily to see it in its truest colours, in all its pristine glory, in its ineffable charm. Then everything is transmuted and renewed as if it is just dropped from the clouds. That is then the new panorama which opens itself to the infatuated eye of the seer. All round him then is Beauty, holy and fresh, dew-washed, exquisite and passing strange. He is lost in wonder, and his nerves are all agog, and from every pore of his body the prayer ringeth: O Lord! Thou art *Wah! Wah!* Thou art the ineffable *Wahiguru!!* Thou art inexpressible Beauty!! This Tale untellable who can tell? And yet, it *must* be told, it must be lived, wrought out in life! This is why my Master singeth :—

Awo sant piareo, akath ki karo kahani.

O dear-selves, my own blessed selves, ye saints!

Come, come, one and all, let us talk,

Talk of Him that is indescribable, ineffable!!

Although untellable, defying all description, and wholly ineffable, yet the saints talk of Him, sing of Him, for is not their whole life now one echo of the hallowed Symphony which is the Divine Word? They do so consciously and unconsciously, every moment of their life, yea, even in sleep. To hear this Word is to discover the deep spring of life which slakes all thirsts and sets all aches at rest. The Riddle of Life is *then* solved once for all! No more the pin-pricks of fleeting hours! No more fretting and fuming in idle disgust! No more fluttering like an entrapped beetle! The seer seeth, and henceforward all is well with him. He knows the Divine Purposes. He need not argue it out, for he knows it first hand. He did not work up to this haven sheerly by merit, for actions whether good or bad have their shadows; he has scaled

the heights whereto no *karma* ladders lead, for is he not up-hoisted in the azurest blue, far away from the reach of actions? He lives now in the Land of Grace, the Land of undiluted amensty to which the Guru has led the disciple. Saith the Master :—

Karmi Sahaj na upje, win sahje sahsa na jae.
Na jae sahsa kite sanjam, rahe karam kamae.
Sahsa jion malin hae kit sanjam dhota jae. Man
dhowo sabad, lago Har seon raho chit lae. Kahe
Nanak gur parsadi sahj upjai eh sahsa iv jae !

Thou mayest not mount the Throne by actions alone.
Thou must ride the whirlwind and direct the storm
Not by actions, for they bedarken us only,
Drag us down, whatever their nature!
It is the mental fog, the spiritual dust in our eyes
Whist must be cast out. Thou must wash off
thy-own-self?

But there is no soap to wash the squalid mind
Unless thou appliest the untoched Soap of the Word,
This is conferred by the Guru
Purely as an act of grace, not bought, nor won,
I Nanak, 'tis thus that the supreme Bliss is had,
Which sweepeth the Augean stable of the mind!!

Pawit hoe se jana jini har dhiaya. Har dhiaye
pawit hoe gurmukh jini dhiaya. Pawit mata pita
kutamb sahif sion, pawit sangat subhaya. Kahinde
pawit, sunde, pawit, se pawit jini man wasaya
Kahe Nanak se pawit jini gurmukh har har
dhiaya.

Cleansed, cleansed are they who betake to *this* method,
the magic method of the Divine Word which purifieth not

only the devotee, but his kith and kin, his neighbours, his parents, his whole family, the whole circle of his acquaintances. Pure are they who deal in the Word, and who receive It! Verily, this Word-immaculate is the only conferrer of Health and Beauty!

When the mystics lay emphasis on the need for Grace, they do not belittle the importance of *karmas*, but they say what is only too true *viz.* that no action can produce a result disproportionate with the effort. If this axiom is accepted, then there can be no salvation for mankind, for by his efforts alone man cannot shuffle off the mortal coil which surrounds him every moment. All actions are conditioned, and hence anything but infinite. The *nirvana* or the *mukti* that we seek after is infinite. Salvation is another name for that leap which jumps off the bounds of time and space; it is by its very nature transcendent. As this result can not be the result of iron-bound *karmas*, it follows that some other factor has crept into the calculations, and produced disproportionate results which tend towards infinity: and this impalpable factor invisible, yet nonetheless real is Grace. I do realise the force of the Law of Karma, as I was once its ardent votary and advocate. But I found late in my life, (ah! how late!) that the law of karma argues at best in a circle, in any case, it cannot work up to infinity, for none of our efforts is by itself infinite and unconditioned. If I am to reach the heaven. I must fly Hanuman-like over and above the double moats of Time and Space where Time though is, yet is not; where Space though is, yet is not, and where I may glide through their interesties like impalpable fairies which can glide through anything however solid! I know this I cannot do of myself, and yet I must reach that destination. I stand-aghast at the sea-coast of eternity and I

look with bulging eyes at the Guru-sent vessel of grace, which picks me up and carries me henceforward safe and sound, on the billowy ocean of life. This is then the triumphant Goal which I must reach, not unaided, but by clutching at the String held out to one and all, by the Supreme One, from the clouds above! This is the String of Grace, and it is to this String that all sinners look, or they must, for that is their only hope of Absolution!

O Lord-Forgiver! forgive my sins, and let by-gones be by-gones! I, as a child, erred and erred grievously. I fell down in the pit. I went astray. I knew Thee not when I held my head high. Forgive me, Father, I *now* know better. 'Tis by Thine grace that the mantle hath fallen off my eyes, and I see in the twilight of Grace. O Lord, the Prodigal Son is returning unto Thee! Wilt Thou shut Thine Door unto Him? Wilt Thou not run to him, with arms out-stretched, ever-clasping? Such is the *realization* that dawns on the mind of the sinner on whom the Light of Grace dawns for once! Such an one no longer hath his back turned on the Guru, (he is no longer *be-mukh*), but is God-oriented. The Sikhs call such Grace-conscious souls as *San-mukh* for their face is Godwards. But the pilgrim on this Path must yet travel pretty long distance before we may call him as God's Own one!—*Gur-mukh*, for he is now indissolubly one with the Master. *San-mukh* may slide back to the dark regions he came from, but *Gur-mukh* is definitely oriented, he is of the Master, and the Master is his. The difference between *San-mukh* and *Gur-mukh* is much the same as between a novice and the hierophant, in other words between a Sikh who is just on the Path, and the Khalsa who is nearing the end, and is pure gold. Let us ten be *Gur-mukhs* or *Khalsas*, for that 'unburnished Gold' is our goal!

Je ko sikh guru seti sanmukh howe, howe
tan sanmukh sikh koi jiorahe Gur nale.

Hukam warfae ape wekhe gurmukh kise
bhujae.

Je ko gur te bemukh howe bin satgur mukat
na pawe.

If, then, we are to reach that Other World the doors of which are invitingly open to us all, we must decide to do two things : we must find out the True Guru, and secondly give up our little self to Him, not to be squandered, but to be enriched and to be returned with compound interest. But who is the True Guru? This is the Supreme One Himself, the *Wahiguru* i.e., the Master-Beautiful. But this Master has His replica in living souls who carry forward the torch of light from time to time, to eternity. The Lamp of the Logos burns bright in the heart of such souls : they never die, they always are, for are they not the body but the Spirit? How may we establish touch with these unquenchable Lamps of Light? We do so by reading the *Gurbani*, the Guru-given poetry, the inspired verse, for this verse stirs up the hidden chords of the human soul. This is only one step, though an all-important step. We must go further and learn to meditate even as the Guru tells us : we do so by constant remembrance, we do so by loving, we do so by enthusiasm and righteous zeal, for days, for months, for years! And one fine morning, the Guru will appear to us in all His glory, as if by tearing the thick curtain of clouds! From that day, yea, the livelong Day, all is well we will see where we were blind before we will hear what we were deaf to hear, yet, that Symphony which angels sing at the feet of the

Master! We will then be uplifted to the 'third heaven' and begin to float with the clouds that career past triumphantly, yea, then the secrets of the heaven and earth will ad bared unto us and we will become verily the Sons, the Chosen Sons of the Supreme One! Wherefore, it is that my Master sings :—

Eh Sarwano mereo sache sunne no pathae
 Sache sunnen no pathae sarir lae sunon sat
 bani. Jit suni man Tan harya hoa rasna ras samani
 Sach alakh widani tanki gat kahi na jae. Kahe
 Nanak amrit nam suno pwitar howo sache sunne
 no pathae

Thou wert sent into this world to hear *this* Symphony,
 O mortal, hear thou It, with the whole of thine body
 melted into thine ear!

Yea, hear this immortal, this True Word,
 Hearing which thou wilt become whole,
 Thine body, mind and soul,
 Yea, all will become transfigured, angelic, radiant,
 No more for thee the cold blasts of autumn!
 No more leaf-shedding, for thou art now an evergreen!!
 O tongue sing, sing, in sweet strains, this

Honeyed Word,

For Thou hast seen that Arch-Conjuror,
 The Wizard-unknowable who revelleth,
 And whilst revelling worketh miracles ever and anon!
 Of this mystery none else might fully delve the
 depths!

Ha! dear souls, sing, sing from the depths of heart
 The Hosannas, the glory of the ambrosial Name,
 To hear *which*, verily, thou wert sent!!

In this Pilgrimage of soul the intellect does not sleep
 nor remains idle; it watches, but does not interfere. And

when the end, the goal is reached, *the intellect is first to march back and to proclaim to the world : I have found, I have found Him, the Truc Guru!!*

Intellect, by itself, is not an hindrance, it is rather an auxiliary of the soul. But when it stretchés out its tentacles far and wide, hydra-like, without intention, then like the silkworm it weaves itself unto death. This is the bathos to which reason may sink *i.e.*, by over-doing itself. It labours under delusion, under which the philosophy of *karma* also does when it shuts its gate to grace. But reason, enriched with grace, is a powerful cutlass ; which cuts asunder the impalpable noose of *maya* and sets one free.

What is this *Maya* which keeps man spell-bound? It is short-sightedness, it is night-blindness, as it were, which betakes us, one and all, in the days of our in-experience. It is spiritual measles when we are young. *Maya* is thus another name for wrong focus of the Binoocular of the Spirit. By such focussing, scenes acquire non-real values, for Spirit is thrown off in the background while Nature, which is but an efflux of the Spirit, dominates the view. We then do not see Nature as root and stock *i.e.*, an organic whole, but stock only, with the Root hidden in the bowels of *Maya*. Woe betide the day when this tragedy occurs, for then we no longer see the Maker, we see only what is made. Then we give up the substance while clutching at its shadow. Hence the Guru defines *Maya* thus:—

Eh maya, jif har wisre, moh upje, bhao duja Iaya !

What beclouds our undimmed vision,
And screens the Supreme One from our eyes,

What shatters Unity into duality.

And weds us to the formed, instead of the

Formless One,

Yea, that is *Maya*—the magic of infatuation!

But when we find the Guru and thus the Word, we discover this hidden Root *i.e.*, the Spirit. We screw up and then set right the focus, and lo! this world is no longer a phantasmagoria, but the living garment of God! When this miracle is wrought, the garment also becomes blessed for the sake of its Wearer. This very sun-scorched earth is *then* turned into the Garden of Eden! Then man is once more Himself, lord of all creation. This lost One is found out, or discovered, in this work-a-day world, not outside. Hence, the Guru advocates God-union while living in the world, and not by quitting the same. Only the angle of vision has to be altered, and re-adjusted. This is true union which worketh its way through the engaging fields of duty. The Guru says?

**Kahe Nanak gurparsadi jinan livlagi tini
wiche maya paya !**

He who finds the Word and the secret of meditation
Discovers the Supreme One in this very world!

We talk of and ponder over the problem of evil. We talk *ad nauseum* of contrasted terms : right and wrong, good and evil, day and night. This disparity continues to haunt us in all our walks of life, and our law books always refer to the same. But we forget that there can be no such thing as undiluted evil, nor undiluted good; the two merge into each other. We cannot reconcile these warring elements, nor get over one by keeping aloof from the other. The more we run towards the light, the darker

is our shadow. If this opposition must continue, I cannot conceive, nor for that matter can any one else conceive, as to how one may get rid of evil. For, as we know the shadows become jet black just when the sun is at its highest! This is dilemma which the human intellect can never solve. I know how I fell in despair many a time, when this dilemma circumvented me from all sides, and there seemed to be no loophole for getting out. My feelings though not exactly similar, yet were very near to feelings of Tennyson when he describes universe without God, under as 'Despair':—

“ Hoped for a dawn, and it came, but the promise had
faded away;
We had passed from a cheerless night to the glare
of a drearier day;
God is only a cloud and smoke who once a
pillar of fire,
The guess of a worm in the dust and the
shadow of its desire!
Oh, we poor orphans of nothing—alone on that
lonely shore—
Born of the brainless Nature who knew not that
which she bore!
Trusting no longer that earthly flower would be
heavenly fruit—
Come from the brute, poor souls—no souls—
and to with the brute!”

Frightful is the condition of soul when thus tossed by reason alone and its warring subsidiaries i.e., right and wrong, good and evil. I wondered hard and prayed, for months, for years! And lo! a new Power welled up in me, which was neither good nor evil, but above these

both, a Power which was all Light undiluted by shadow, a Power which knows day, and night, for it is Both! What is this Power which transcends the warring elements under which reason works? This and this alone is the *simplex*-Nam, the holy-ringing-Word, which ringeth from eternity to eternity. This became since my guardian. Not that good and evil evaporate from the world, they remain but they were of the earth, and it appeared as if the freed one took wings and flew up to the uppermost heaven, where there are no longer ups and downs as on earth, but one uniformed. Level stretching in all directions! Ah! this sudden jump from the dead-earth to the level of Light, where angels live and sing, in choirs! Ah! the soul-stirring Melody which purgeth and purifieth! Well might the Guru sing :—

Simrat sasar pun pap bicharde, tate sar na
jani !

The law codes and our so-called religious books
Do ever wrangle about the problem of evil;
For such, this world is divided into two camps :
Good, and evil, which must ever stand opposed,
Ah! but they do not know of the transcendent-

Element, the *Nam*, the *Tat*,
Wherein all riddles are solved and all division wiped!!

What is this unifying Power, the transcendent Element in which all elements meet, where rays of good and evil, meet in one focus? This transcendent omnipotent Power ; which wells up from the hearts of devottes is the NAM, the Word, my Beloved, my God! Though invaluable yet I may have Him by the grace of the Master! Though untouchable, yet He might descend and turn this tottering body of even a sinnerr into the

Temple of Jerusalem! Not by barter, nor by exchange, nor by gold may He be bought, but by falling at the feet of the Master! Such a Master once came my way and I lay me down, my body, my mind, my soul, my all, before Him like a foot-mat. He touched it and lo! All was gold!! His magic touch!! It would be lucky, saith the Master, if this came to pass, and if thus we got what we most cherished—the apple of our eye, the Beloved!!

Har ap amulak hae mul na paya jae. Mul na paya jae kise witon rahe lok willae. Aesa satgur je mile tisno sir saupie wichon ap jae. Jisda jio tis mil rahe Har wase man ae. Har ap amulak hae. bhag tina ke Nanaka jin Har pale pae.

O heavenly Power, O Holy Word! I now bow to Thee alone! No longer for me the will o'-the-wisp of unaided reason, nor so-called moral codes. This modern world is engaged in the task of maintaining social order and dealing justice through moral codes only resting on earth; not unless the vital energy of the Holy Word upwells again in mankind, Vesuvius-like own, is its safety ensured. Without this, it will go the way in which Egyptians with their pyramids have gone, man is of the earth and is earthly; life sinks down to the brute level, and soul itself is stultified. Given this Power, man realizes Himself, he is no longer confined to one little corner of the earth, but expands ever-increasingly until the whole world is in the palm of his hand! Life, without this power, is merely groping in the dark; it is at best a fierce struggle with the elements around us and with our neighbours. Given *this* Light, all is well; all is holy;

all is working up to the Great Purpose that is immanent in every atom!

O Holy Word! when I knew thee not, I was asleep, I was a Kumbhakarna, a Rip Van Winkkle! I lay listless in the arms of *Maya*, in the lap of Morpheus! Even if living, I was pigmy, a manikin, hop-o'-my-thumb but thine holy touch, O blessed Word! and I rose up like the Phoenix from its ashes!! O Life, Light; Resurrection from the dead!!!

Tahi guni sansar bharam suta sutian raen wihani.

O Blissful Word! Thine magic wand is competent of the world to turn this wilderness, this Sahara into the Garden of Eden! It can turn a sinner into a saint, it can make an erring man, a mammoth of the Spirit! O chage beggaring all description! Transmutation of the brass-in-me into gold! Transfiguration of brute-in-me into angel! Life ever-mounting perfect union interpenetrating all atoms of the body! Turning a new leaf every moment! Fresh, vigorous, intoxicated of Life! Holy, holy, holy this divine metamorphosis, for such is the *Anand* of which my Master sings!! Blessed is he who sings thereof, blessed he who heareth for they both see Him face to face, *now* no longer hidden, but all-pervading, all-fulfilling, all-enlightening!! O Music Unending—**ANHAT TRUE!!!**

Sunte punit, kahte pawit, satgur reha bhar pure. Binwant Nanak gurcharan lage waje anhad ture.

THE ANAND SAHIB

OR

THE HEAVENLY SONG OF HOLY RAPTURE

RAMKALI MAHLA TISRA

(GURU AMAR DAS RAG RAM KALI)

IKONKAR SATGUR PARSAD

THERE IS BUT ONE GOD WHICH CAN BE ATTAINED
THROUGH THE FAVOUR OF THE TRUE GURU

I

Anand bhayā meri mae. Satguru mae paya.
Satgur tan paya sahij' seti man wajian wadhaiyan.
Rag ratan parwar parian sabad gawan aiyan.
Sabdo te gawoh hari kera man jini wasaeyā.
Kahe Nanak Anand hoeya Satguru me payā.

Bliss, bliss, O my mother, there's bliss ;

I have found the True One—

I found the Great one spontaneously

And lo! my heart singest songs of union!

The heavenly Muses and their offspring

Came to chant the Excellent Music

—the Word-divine,

The strains of Symphony welled up in me,

And my heart is suffused with love-

incarnadine!

There is, O Nanak, there is,

Ecstatic joy and holy rapture,

I found Him, Him at last

Who is the truest Master!

II

Eh man mereya tun sada raho Har nale. Har
 nal raho tun man mere dukh sabh wisarna.
 Angi kar oh kare tera karaj sabh sawarna.
 Sabhna galan samrath sowami so keon mano
 wisare. Kahe Nanak man mere tun sadā raho
 Har nale.

O My soul! dwell thou ever and evermore
 In this Being Supreme, the Heavenly One ;
 Thus, all thine fears and ailments
 Shall be buried deep buried in oblivion!
 O Soul! the Lord shall embrace thee and hug thee,
 And all thine heartaches set at rest,
 Why forget Him?—O Him, the Sweet one,
 Who is, in every respect the most perfect?

III

Sache sahiba kia nahi ghar tere. Ghar tan
 tere sabh kuchh hae jis deh so pawe. Sada
 sifit salah teri nam man wasawe. Nam jin
 keman waseā waje sabad ghanere. Kahe Nanak
 sache sahib kia nahi ghar tere.

O Master of Masters! Is there aught
 That's not in Thine Heavenly Treasure-House?
 In that Treasure, there's all that is,
 But he gets whom dost Thou espouse!
 The soul that pinest and thirstst for Thee
 Is at last with the heavenly Laurel crowned,
 Its aches and agonies are then once for all,
 In that Celestial Symphony drowned.

IV

Sachā nam merā adharo. Sach nam adhār
 merā jin bhukhan sabh gawaian. Kar sant sukh
 man ae wasya jin ichhān sabh pujaian. Sadā
 Kurban kīta guru witon jis dian eh wadiaian.
 Kahe Nanak suno santo sabad dharo piaro.
 Sacha nam mera adharo.

This Word, this ghostly, the weird-Word
 Is the staff of my life, my prop and support
 'Tis the pillar, the keystone of my being,
 Yea, the citadel of my Heart!
 I am all peace, joy and beatitude,
 I swim in bliss divine,
 O! I have attained all—all that I needed,
 The very acme of fortune fine!
 I am a sacrifice, a burnt offering
 At the holy altar of my Master
 Of all excellences the consummation
 And the richest Treasure!
 O Saintly souls! lend ye, the inner Ear
 To this unbeaten-Musical-Word,
 'Tis the heavenly Song of songs
 Which wellet up from my heart's chord.

V

Waje panch sabad tit ghar sabhage ghar
 sabhage sabad waje kalā jīt ghar dharia. Panch
 dut tud was kite kal kunt ak mareya. Dhur
 karm paya tud jin ko se nam Har ke lage. Kahe
 Nanak feh sukh hoa tit ghar anhad waje.

Blessed is that divine Tabernacle
 Wherein this Spring have burst—this Music-choicest.

Yea blessed, thrice blessed is the Temple
 Wherein this Word—Prindal ringest!
 With this Hin, but patent, Word thou mayest conquer
 The deadly Five that waylay thee and all mankind.
 O Soul! thus thou mayest also conquer
 The deadliest Foe—the devouring death-fiend.
 They reach this Heaven, this Goal, this golden End—
 This Ringing-Revealing-Word divine
 On whom descendest the Manna of Grace
 In His chain of Almighty Design.
 In naught else, O Nanak,
 There is that peace that passeth understanding
 As dwellest in this Symphony which welleteth
 From the expanding depths of heart upsoating.

VI.

**Sachi liwe bin deh nimanī. Deh nimanī liwe
 bajhon kīa kare wichariya. Tud bajh samrath
 koī nahī kirpa kar banwaria. Es non hor thaon
 nahī sabad lāg sawaria. Kahe Nanak liwe bajhon
 kīa kare wichariya.**
 This—body—the temple of God, without this
 quickering word.
 Is naught—tis only a caracass, a moving-skeleton,
 Yea, but for the brooding-Spirit, what is it?
 'Tis only a prison a dungeon or a den.
 But for Thee, O Lord, who else, yea, who else
 Mightest this 'gift on mortals bestow?
 O Treasure-House of Grace, O Lord of Woods;
 Do Thou thine devotees, thus endow!
 But for this Ornament, this Gem, O Lord,
 There's naught else to set off this Tabernacle
 Without this sanctifying Link, O Nanak,
 All life; is but a shipwreck lost in peril!

VII

Anand Anand sabh ko kahe Anand guru te
 janeyā. Janeyā Anand sadā gur te kirpā kare
 piareyā. Kar kirpa kil wikh kate gian anjan
 sareya. Andron jin ka moh tuta tin ka sabad
 sache sawareya. Kahe Nanak eh Anand hae
 Anand guru te janeyā

Every one, yea, e'en man in the street
 Talkest glibly of peace, of joy and bliss,
 But who ever had it—e'en its inkling,
 Without the great Guru's gift of grace?
 This peace, this joy, this abiding bliss
 Is Master a free gift of the e'er,
 This Saintly soul sheds it, showers it
 Ever as the manna from the heaven
 —the race Nectar.
 The Seer drenches us with grace
 And thus wipes away our sins with
 this holy wine.
 He also confers on the seeker—effect truth
 The salve of wisdom—the Eye Divine.
 They love best who Soar on the wings
 of grace
 To the highest heights of heaven
 Where no longer are they emfeltered,
 The drop chains of their ignorance
 and delusion.
 This end, this Heaven, O Nanak,
 Yea, this crowning bliss,
 Is revealed, forsooth,
 Through the Guru's grace!

VIII

Baba jis tun deh soi jan pawe. Pawe tan so
 jan deh jisno hor kia kare wichareyā. Ik bharam
 bhule phire dehdīs ik nam lag sawareyā. Gur
 parsadi man bheya nirmal jina bhana bhawe.
 Kahe Nanak jis deh piare soi jan pawe.

O Father, heavenly Father, this gift is Thine,
 'Tis Thine Own, and is wholly free,
 Thou alone mayest shower it
 On mortals—none else but Thee.
 Without this, Souls wander e'er in the Valley
 Of the shadow of Death blindfold—
 Led by delusion and ignorance, as if by nose,
 And lo! all this is as Thou didst decree of old!
 The lucky souls that be are purged
 In the burning-bush—of the Word,
 They emerge therefrom, O Nanak,
 Pur, resplendent and burnished!

IX

Awo sant piareo akath ki karah kahāni. Karah kahani akath kerī kit daware payie. Tan mandhan sabh saup gur ko hukam maneya payie. Hukam mano guru kera gawo sachi bani. Kahe Nanak suno santo akatho kath kahani.

Come, come, ye saintly souls
Let's divine on how best to gain
the Being blest?
O, we get Him, by offering up to Him
All this—our body, mind, soul and spirit!
By giving all, devoting all, dedicating all

And by following the Word,
This Secret, the ineffable Secret,
O Nanak, is itself discovered!

X

Eh man chanchla chatrai kine na paya.
Cbatrai nā payā kine tun sun man meryā.
Eh maya mohini jin et bharam bhulayā. Mayā
tān mohini tine kiti jin Thagauli paya. Kurban
kita fiseh witon jin moh mitha laya. Kahe Nanak
man chanchal chatrai kine na paya.

O mind, clever one! thou canst not
Attain Him by any cleverness or stratagem
No one hath ever attained : Him, thus,
O Listen my mind, hearken!
All mankind is whirled and bewitched,
By the cosmic veil of *Maya* and her magic,
The Great—Magician Himself ordained this
And played the sedative sweet Trick!
I bow unto Him the Beginner,
Who renderest this world so dear,
But thou must outgrow this, O, Nanak,
And by love thou mayest draw Him near!

XI

Eh man piareya tun sada sach samale. Eh
kutamb tun jeh dekhda chale nahi tere nāle. Sath
tere chale nahi tis nāl kion chit laie. Aisa kam
mulon na kiche jit ant pachhotaye. Satgur ka
updesb sun tun howe tere nale. Kahe Nanak
man piare tun sada sach samale.

O dear Soul! be thou ever and ever

Wedded to verity and to unalloyed Truth,
 For, thy family members and hangers-on
 Will not befriend thee in the end, forsooth.
 Why then be infatuated and enslaved

By what is fugitive, and devoid of love for thee?
 O Soul! never, never do aught for which
 Thou mayest have to eat the humble pie.
 Let thy Viaticum and thy living Food be
 The Nam, the free gift of the Master,
 O dear Soul, stick to the Truth
 Hold fast to this Rock forever and e'er!

XII

Agam agochara tera ant na paya. Anto na
 paya kine tera apna ap tun jane. Ji jant sabh
 khel tera kia ko akh wikhane. Akhe tan wekhe
 sabh tun hae jin jagat upaya. Kahe Nanak tun
 sada agam hae tera ant na paya.

O Being Unknown! Thou art outside our limited ken,
 Yea, what moral hath ever gauged Thine end?
 Thine bounds and Thine inwardness
 Thou Thyself mayest comprehend.
 All that is, beings big and small
 Are Thine handiwork, Thine own Play.
 We know only that much, no more,
 Yea, this is all that we can say.
 Year, Thou art, Thou beholdest and ordainest,
 All is within Thine omniscient Mind,
 O Almighty Creator. O, Nanak's Master,
 Who didst ever Thine End find!

XIII

Surnar mun jan amrit khojde so amrit gur te
 paya. Paya amrit gur kirpa kini sacha man wasaya.
 Jia jant sabh tud upae ik wekh parsan ayā. Labh
 lobh hankar chukā satguru bhalā payā. Kahe
 Nanak jisno āp tutha tin amrit gur te payā.

That life-giving Nectar, that Ambrosia
 For which saints and seers do e'er hunger,
 Yea, Mana that biscendest from heaven
 I drank through loving-kindness of Thee,
—my Master

This Nectar, this Ambrosia-celestial cometh.
 Unto him on whom the Dew of Grace descendeth
 Then heart is turned into Lord's own Temple
 And man's all care forthwith endeth!
 O Lord, my Master! Thou art in all Thine creation
 Finding Thee one in all beings, living and
non-living

I sought the Lotus Feet,
 And cleansed all my filth, my venal soul
covering.

I discovered yea, discovered the Heavenly Master
 Who by his grace dispenseth this Nectar
 'Tis by divine dispensation, O Nanak
 That one is laved by this holy shower.

XIV

Bhagtan ki chāl nirāli. Chāl nirāli bhagtan
 kerī bikham marag chalnā. Labh lobh hankar
 taj trisna bahutā nahi bolnā. Khaneon tikhi walon
 niki et marag janā. Gurparsadi jini āp tajiā
 Har wasnā samani. Kahe Nanak chāl bhagtān
 jugo jug nirāli.

Eerie is the Path trodden by a saint
 Yea, 'tis odd, most odd, e'er unread,
 Of all paths 'tis most hazardous—
 This Path which a saint dost tread.
 He must needs give up his worldly trapping,
 His egotism, covetousness and sin
 He must talk little, significantly little
 And give up all worldly yearning.
 Sharper than a razor
 And finer than e'en an hair!
 Such is the hidden untrodden Path
 Which is the saint's thoroughfare!!
 Through all ages, eerie, and most weird
 Is the Path by a saint traversed
 Conquering his little-self by the Higher,
 He is wholly in the Spirit immersed!

XV

Jio tun chalaeh tiv chalah sowami hor kia jana
 gun tere. Jiv tun chalaeh tiv chale jina marag pawe.
 Kar kirpa jin nam lae se Har Har sada dhiawe.
 Jisno katha sunae apni se gurdaware sukh pawe.
 Kahe Nanak sache sahib jiv bhawe tive chalawe.

E'en as Thou ordainest, so do I live
 So do they all who are preordained!
 Without this sympathetic soul adjustment
 No other virtue have I gained!
 Such souls adopt this heavenly Course
 As Thou dost teach and tame,
 On them limpid Dew of Name descendeth
 Wedding them to the Holy Flame!
 Whom thou initiaeth thus into Thine Secret

Is laved with everlasting bliss,
But he attains this Goal, this End,
Who his Master's feet does kiss!

XVI

Eh sohila sabdo sohawā sabdo sohawā sadā
sohilā satguru sunayā. Eh tinke man wasya jin
dhuron likhya aeya. Ik phire ghanere kare galan
gali kine na payā. Kahe Nanak sabad sohila
satguru sunayā,

Highly enchanting, soul-ravishing e'er is
This Unbeaten Music-ethereal!
From the Master the True Master, is
This possession had—the Symphony-celestial!
This heavenly-Word dwellest in hearts
Wherein wine of Name descendst from on high.
Many there be that talk, idly prattle
But empty words never did qualify!
The Master True—The Guru Perfect
Hath this on me, conferred
The Gift glorious O Nanak,
Of the Beauty-begetting Word!

XVII

Pawit hoe se jana jini Har dhiayā. Har dhiaya
pawit hoe gurmukh jini dhiayā. Pawit matā pitā
kutamb sahit sion pawit sangat subhayā. Kahinde
pawit sunde pawit, se pawit jini man wasayā. Kahe
Nanak se pawit jini gurmukh Har Har dhiaya.

They who meditate on the Being Supreme
Are purged by this sanctifying-Word,

Yea, they are drenched by the Master's Grace
 Which findeth outlet in this Word-unheard!
 Themselves, their parents and their families
 Yea, all their associates who were sick, furred
 All those, one and all, are healed
 By this choicest possession, the Word—unheard.

XVIII

Karmi Sahj nā upje win sahje sahsa nā jae. Nā
 jae sahsā kite sanjam rahe karam kamae. Sahsā
 jion malin hae kit sanjam dhofa jae. Man dhowo
 sabad lago Har seon raho chit lāe. Kahe Nanak
 gur parsadi sahj upje eh sahsa iv jāe.

This crowing State of peace, joy and Equilibrium—

This *Sahaj*, is not had merely by word or deed
 And delusion clingeth to man until this

Heavenly Mood is to him guaranteed!

No *Karma*, however pure and sincere

May wash off our inbred delusion,
 The mind livest and gloatest in filth

How may it ascend to heaven?

The mind is purged, O Nanak,

When 'tis, by Guru's grace to Nam—entwined
 Then shackles of sin are sundered

And Sun of Sahaj dawnest on the mind!!

XIX

Jiah maile bahron nirmal bahron nirmal
 jiah tanmaile tini janam jue hareya. Eh tisnā wadā
 roglagā maran manon wisarya. Wedan meh nām
 utam so sune nahi phire jeon betaleya. Kahe Nanak
 jin sach tajeya kurhe lage tini janam jue baria.

Foul within and fair without art they,
 Yea, whited sepulchres who have wholly lost
 All their life's capital, their stock-in-trade,
 And all that is precious from the dust depart!
 Such souls do ever hunger, pant and thirst—
 Their hunger never endeth nor abateth,
 Driven from pillar to post
 They forget e'en the coming event of death.
 The Essence, very Quintessence of all books revealed
 Is this unwritten-word, the holiest word,
 But the foolish soul heedeth it not
 Isn't this act of his most absurd?
 He who renounces Truth
 And this dwelth in falsehood
 Has lost life's game of cards
 And is doomed to unending servitude.

XX

Jiah nirmal bohron nirmal Bahron fan nirmal
 jiah nirmal satgur te karni kamani. Kur ki so
 pohche nahi mansa sach samani. Janam ratan jini
 khatya bhale se wanjare. Kahe Nanak jin-man
 nirmal sada rahe gur nale.

Fair within and fair without,
 Yea, Crystal-clear from without and within
 Are saintly souls. They're exempt e'en
 From the remotest echo of sin.
 Blessed, thrice blessed, are they who live in Truth
 Who do the Gem of Name secure,
 O Nanak, the hearts of such pearline men
 Abiding in the Guru are ever pure!

XXI

Je ko sikh guru seti sanmukh howe, howe
 tan sanmukh sikh koi jiah rahe gur nale. Gur ke
 charan hirde dhiaye antar atme samale. Ap
 chhad sada rahe parne gurbin awar na jane koe.
 Kahe Nanak suno santo so sikh sanmukh hoe.

If any disciple were to turn to the Master,
 Yea, if he were really so inclined,
 He must keep his heart for ever
 To the Guru's lotus-Feet entwined.
 Yea, he must enshrine the lotus-Feet
 Of the Master in his heart ;
 And to the Divine Self-within-him,
 He must steadily hold fast!
 He must renounce his little self
 And remain steadfastly anchored
 To truth, following the lead
 Of the Guru-given Word!

XXII

Je ko gur te bemukh howe bin satgur mukat
 nā pawe. Pawe mukat nā horthē koi puchho
 bibekian jae. Anek juni bharam awe win satgur
 mukat nā pāe. Phir mukat pae lāg charni
 satgur sabad sunae. Kahe Nanak wichār dekho
 win satgur mukat nā pāe.

Whosoever turneth his faceaway,
 Yea, turneth back On the Master,
 Shall not obtain salvation anywhere,
 This thou mayest from any seer enquire!
 He shall wander and warder in many a birth,

Without true Guru deliverance is never
earned,
When, at last, he will fall at the Master's Feet.
The Guru shall rescue him by this Word
conferred!

XVIII

Awo sikh sutgur ke piareo gawo sachi Bani.
Bani tan gawo guru kerī bania sir bāni. Jin ko
nadar karam howe hirde tina samani. Piwo
Amrit sadā raho Har rang japo sarang pāni.
Kahe Nanak sada gawo eh sachi bani.

Come, sing ye beloved disciples the praises of the
Guru-given Word,
Which dost all other songs transcend;
It dwelleth in the hearts of the such
On whom Grace Divine dost descend!
Quaff ye this Nectar of Immortality
And thus remain attuned for ever and ever
To the Being Supreme even as the *chatrik*
Is wedded only with the cloud kissed water!

XXIV

Satguru bina hor kachi hae bāni. Bāni tān
kachi satguru bajhon hor kachi bāni. Kahnde
kache sunde kache kachi akh wakhani. Har Har
nit kare rasna kaha kachhu na jāni. Chit jinka
har leya maya bolan pae rawani. Kahe Nanak
satguru bajhon hor kachi bani.

Without the Guru-given Word
All other word is counterfeit.

It is then verily

Into True One's own love absorbed!
 God Himself is this Diamond,
 God Himself is this mother Jewel,
 He knowest this secret

To whom He Himself dost reveal!
 The Jewel of the first water saith Nanak,
 Is this Divine Word,
 With many a rich diamond
 On its Bosom served!

XXVI

Siv sakat ap upaeke karta ape hukam wartae,
 Hukam wartae ap wekhe gurmukh kise bhujae.
 Tore bandhan howe mukat sabad man wasae.
 Gurmukh jisno āp kare so howe ekas sion liwlae.
 Kahe Nanak ap karta ape hukam bhujae.

The Supreme One by His own Fiat

Createst all this Nature,
 And having done so supervisest it,
 By His Own Divine order!

Yea, by His Own order he runnest

This Show, which He Himself beholdeth,
 But only few holy men know—

Who are ordained to know this Truth!

Such a soul givest unto the Word

The innermost niche in the palace of his heart,
 He burstest all bonds,
 And is into Himself verily absorbed.

He whom the Supreme One ordainest

Attainest this consummation,

And he is wholly absorbed

In this, the truest meditation!

XXVII

Simrat sastar pun pap bicharde tate sar na
 jani. Tate sar na jani guru bajhon tate sar na
 jani. Tahi guni sansar bharam suta sutian raen
 wihāni. Gur kirpa te se jan jāge jina Har man
 waseya bole amrit bani. Kahe Nanak so tat pae
 jisno andin Har livlage jāgat raen wihani.

The *Smritis* and *Shastras*

Define what is good and evil,
 But they know naught
 Of the Essence—Quintessential—of the
 Being-Real.
 Yea, they know not of the Being Real,
 Without the True Guru, they know it not!
 Thus world liest asleep in the arms of the Triad,
 And in this sleep is a whole life's time lost!
 But by the Guru's favour,
 Some learn to be up and doing ;
 They pin their faith on God,
 And sing His Word-Ringing!
 Saith Nanak, he who attainest to
 This Quintessence—the Reality-Underlying,
 Meditate day and night on the Lord
 Thus passing his night awaking!

XXVIII

Māta ke udar men prītpāl kare so keon mano
 wisariah. Mano kion wisaria eh wad datā jo agan
 men ahar pohuchawe. Osno keh poh na saki
 jisno apni liv lawe. Apni liv lae ape gurmukh
 sadā samālie. Kahe Nanak eh wad data so kion
 mano wisārye.

Yea, this is *Maya* which makest one forget the Lord ;
 Worldly love is thus in him fostered,
 And man is then lost in labyrinth
 Of ' mine ' and ' thine,' and's wholly
 bewildered.

But, Nanak, whose meditative faculty
 Hath been awakened by the
 Guru's holy Touch
 Findest Him in this very world—
 Yea, in *Maya's* firm steel Clutch!

XXX

Har āp amulak hae mul nā payā jae. Mul nā
 payā jae kise witon rahe lok willae Aesa satgur
 je mile tisno sir saupie wichon āp jae. Jisda jio
 tis mil rahe Har wase man ae. Har ap amulak
 hae bhāg tina ke Nanakā jin Har pale pāe.

Pricelessly precious is the Lord
 His price who can ascertain?
 His price cannot be ascertained,
 Though one's whole life one may
 fret and fume!

If thou meetest a true Guru
 Who can dispel thine sense of 'I'
 Then thou must entrust thine head to him
 And all behests, with thine heart, comply!
 Thus thou shalt blend this self
 With That of which it is a part,
 And thus thou shalt also find
 The Lord in Thine own heart!
 O Priceless verily is God, Nanak,
 And blessed, indeed, is he,

In whose heart niche
The Lord hast made His entry!

XXXI

Har rās meri man wanjarā satgur te rās janī.
Har Har nit jape ji laha khato dihari. Eh dhan
tina milyā jin Har ape bhanā. Kahe Nanak Har
ras meri man hoa wanjarā.

O, the Lord Himself is my captal,
And my mind is its dealer,
Yea, He is my truest Stock-in-trade,
As now explained by the Master.
O My soul, thou must ever chant Lord's Name!
Thus, good harvest shall be daily thine,
But this windfall falls is their lot
On whom descendest the Grace Divine.

XXXII

Eh rasna tun anras rach rahi teri pias nah
jae. Pias nā jae horat kite jichar Har ras pale
nā pāe. Har ras pae pale pie eh Har ras batur na
trisna lage ae. Eh Har ras karmi paie satgur mile
jis ae. Kahe Nanak hor anras sabh wisre jan Har
wase man ae.

O tongue! thine thirst abatest not
As thou art ticked by the other savour;
Thy thirst shall depart never
Not until thou obtain God's own Elixir.
If thou obtainest and quaffest this Nectar,
Thou shalt not thirst again,
But this blessing falls to their share,
Who by good deeds their True Guru attain!

O Nanak, when all other svaours
 Thus pale into insignificance,
 Then in the Temple of man's heart
 The Lord forceth His admittance!

XXXIII

Eh sarirā mareyā Har tum men jot rakhi tan
 tun jag men aeyā. Har jot rakhi tud wich tūn tun
 jag men aeya. Har ape matā ape pitā jin jio upae
 jagat dikhayā. Gurparsadi bujhia tan chalat hoa
 chalat nadri aeyā, Kahe Nanak srist ka mul rachyā
 jot rakhi tan tun jag men aeyā.

O mine mortal body thou camest
 Into this world, the earthly camp,
 When the Lord lighted
 Thine mind, the little lamp!
 Yea, thou camest
 Into this Himself earthly camp,
 When the Lord lighted
 Thine lovely little lamp!
 God Himself is the Mother,
 God Himself is the Father ;
 Having created man and woman
 He ushered them into this world—the Pair!
 When by the Guru's grace,
 Thou wilt understand the world's Hidden-
 Import,
 It will then be transformed,
 For it is then no other than the holiest Sport!
 Yea, when He formed, Saith Nanak,
 This earth's Root-Element,
 And infused Light therein.
 Then thou didst step forth into this Tent!

XXXIV

Man chao bhaya prabh agam sunyā. Har
 mangal gāo sakhi greh mandar banya Har gao
 mangal nit sakhie sog dukh nā wiapae. Gur
 charan lage din subhage apna pir jape. Anhad
 bani gur sabad jani Har nam Har ras bhogo.
 Kahe Nanak prabh ap milya karan karan jogo.

O, My mind is transported with bliss
 I've heard of Thine arrival,
 O my playmates! sing songs of welcome
 For my house is turned into the Lord's
 own Temple!!
 O, Sing, e'er sing, this song of Welcome
 My dear friends, my following.
 Thus, ye shalt also rise
 Above all sorrow and suffering!
 O, Blessed the Day, the eventful Day
 When I fell on the Guru's Feet,
 And from Him didst learn this Socket
 Yea, how to cherish my Husband-sweet!!
 The Guru's Word initiated me
 Unto this Unending-Word-Divine,
 Whereby that exquisite Holy Relish
 The Lord's own Essence is mine!!
 O Nanak, the Lord Himself
 Hath met me! yea Himself verily He
 He doest all, and to do all
 He is e'er competent and free!!

XXXV

Eh sarirā mareā is jag maen aeke kaya tud
 marm kamayā. Keh Kram kamaya tud sarira

jan tun jag men ayā. Jin Har tera rachan rachya
so har manon na wasaya. Guiparsadi Har man
wasyā purab likhya payā. Kahe Nanak eh sarir
parwan hoā jin satgur sio chit layā.

O my body! what hast thou accomplished
By coming into this world?
Yea, what hast thou done, O thou body,
When thou camest into this world?
To the Lord who fashioned thee
Thou hast not given place in thine heart!
But by the Guru's grace is this end reached
Harvest of rich deeds past!
O Nanak, the body
Of that disciple is then purified,
When he keepeth his attention
In the Lotus Feet of the Master enshrined!

XXXVI

Eh netro mereo Har tum meh jot dhari Har bin
awar nā dekho koi. Har bin awar nā dekho koi
nadri Har nihalya. Eh wis sansar tum dekhede eh
Har ka rup hae Har rup nadri aya. Gur parsadi
bujhya jān wekhan Har ik hae Har bin awar na
koi. Kahe Nanak eh nefar andh se satgur milie
dib drist hoi,

O mine eyes! it was the Lord
Who blessed thee with light!
Why else than that see ye aught
Which with the Lord's own light is bright?
Yea, see naught as apart
From the Supreme Lord,

Thus, peace transcendent
Shall be thine reward!
This world that thou beholdst as poison
Is verily God's own Vesture!—God's face
will shine therein,
When by the Guru's grace, 'tis understood,
Then all plurality will vanish into One!
Yea, there is none besides Him, O Nanak ;
But then I was blind,
And it was not until I met the Master
That Eye-Divine, did I find!!

XXXVII

Eh sarwano mereo sache sunne non pathae.
 Sache sunnen no pathae sarir lae sunon sat bani.
 Jit suni man tan harya hoa rasnā ras samani.
 Sach alakh wadani tanki gat kahi na jae. Kahe
 Nanak amrit nam suno pwitar howo sache sunne
 no pathae.

O mine ears! Ye were sent
 To hear truth, yea, to hear naught but Truth,
 Yea were added on unto the body :
 To hear *this* the True unbeaten-Word!
 By hearing *this* Word,
 The soul and body are verily resuscitated,
 And the tongue itself also is then
 By the Supreme Essence wholly engulfed!
 The True One is wonderful, Inapprehensible,
 And is transcendent forsooth,
 Saith Nanak, hear this edifying immortal word
 For, ye were sent to hear the truth!

XXXVIII

Har jio guphan andar rakhke wajā pawan
wajayā. Wajaya waja pawan non daware pargat
kie daswan gupat rakhaya. Gurdware lae
bhawani ikna daswan dower dikhaya Teh anaik
rup nonnidh tis da ant na jai payā. Kahe Nanak
Har piare jio guphan andar rakhke waja pawan
wajayā.

The Lord buriest His Spirit somewhere

In cave of man's heart,

Yea, He ringest unbeaten strains of Symphony,

By the Super-agency of Breath.

Yea, He ringest e'er the strains of Symphony,

The Nine Gates of man,

He keppest open, but this

The Tenth is wholly hidden.

But to some lucky souls He vouchsafest,

Through the Guru's favour,

The faculty to explore this—

The Tenth—the hidden Door!

There are chanted innumerate strains

Of holy Symphony, which embody and

encover

All Nine songs classical; but e'en this

Dost not fully exhaust His Holy Character!

XXIX

Eh sachā sohila sache ghar gawo. Gawo tan
sohilā ghar sache jithe sada sach dhiawe, Sacho
dhiawe jan tud bhawe gurmukh jina bujhawe.
Eh sach sabhna ka khasam hae jis bakhse so jan
pawe. Kahe Nanak sach sohila sache ghar gawe.

This consummation attained at last,
Through perfect Guru's favour!!
Pure art they who hear,
Stainless they, who utter the Same,
The True Guru lost not lose
His plenitude by lighting this Flame!!
O Nanak, I affirm and re-affirm
'Tis by falling on the Guru's Lotus Feet.
That this Unending-Divine-Word
Wellest up—highest, Heavenliest,
Music-Sweet!

SAT SRI AKAL

Undermentioned Tracts can be had free of charge from the office of the Association on application.

1. Guru Nanak's Mission
2. Cross and the crown
3. Japjee Sahib.
4. Sikh Gurus and Untouchability.
5. Guru Nanak the Saviour of the world.
6. Short Life of Guru Gobind Singh.
7. The Sikh and the Singh.
- 8 and 9. Rah Ras and Kirtan Sohila.
10. Guru Gobind Singh's Mission.
11. The Anand Sahib,

ARJAN SINGH MAN

General Secretary

The Bengal Sikh Missionary
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